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THE  
**UNDERGRADUATE.**



No. I. MONDAY, FEB. 8th, 1819. *Price Sixpence.*

- " He must observe their mood with whom he jests,  
" The quality of the persons, and the time;  
" And, like the haggard, check at ev'ry feather  
" That comes before his eye."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are few things attended with greater difficulty than the introductory number to a periodical publication. Other works submit themselves entire to the bar of public opinion, and the deficiencies of the beginning may be supplied by the excellence of the subsequent divisions; but in a work like the present, the judgment of the reader is decided by a few short pages, and great must be the skill of that writer, who in so small a space displays sufficient gaiety to please the lively, and sufficient solidity to gain the approbation of the learned. It is not to be supposed, that what was a subject of regret to the genius of Johnson, should be a matter of indifference to me, when each successive Essayist has increased the difficulty by lessening the choice of introductions, and by his complaints of its arduousness, has subjected the observation itself to the charge of tediousness and repetition.

Indeed the composer of periodical Essays, is in a situation very different from that of another writer. The end which



every author proposes to himself and strives to reach is to render his production popular; and others by the solidity of their arguments, the ingenuity of their speculations, or the brilliancy of their wit may demand of the world admiration and applause, as the just and undeniable reward of their merits; but far different is the manner by which the Essayist must court popularity; it is his greatest art to insinuate himself into the affections of his readers, by accommodating himself to their dispositions, conforming himself to their tastes, and studying their pursuits: he must disperse the clouds of prejudice, rather by the soft influence of the sun, than by the violence of the blast; and obtain admirers by adaptation to the times, rather than novelty of execution. I do not mean to say that other excellencies are not requisite, but that they are subservient in the periodical Essay, and, while others are searching for truth; I fear I must allow that the Essayist pursues the entertaining, rather than the instructive.

The Seasonable is an essential part of the Pleasing. The author of the Spectator would have hardly succeeded in pleasing the age in which he lived, if he had substituted the dryness of argument for the playfulness of wit; and the comparatively confined popularity of the Rambler, at the time of its publication, must be attributed to that "sternness of philosophy," and "severity



of dictatorial instruction," which has always disgusted the frivolous, abashed the vicious, and awed the virtuous. Such seems to me the aim of the Essayist, and such the difference between him and another writer. The one writes for the present times, the other with sublimer expectations looks towards posterity; the one accommodates his writings to his readers, the other compels the reader to conform to his writings; the one must please at once the grave and the lively, the studious and the idle, the other is at liberty to select the wise or the witty, the lover of poetry or the pupil of philosophy, for his reader and admirer. Since therefore to study the character of those for whom his writings are intended, is the first business of the Essayist, it will not, I hope, be deemed a needless or unreasonable attempt, if I enumerate the different classes into which gownsmen may be divided, and form some conjectures respecting those who are most likely to become my patrons.

In every society there must be very many whose characters cannot be held up as patterns for wisdom or regularity; nor can it reasonably be supposed that our University should be without its share of them. It may therefore seem a dangerous undertaking to describe those, who cannot excite admiration or esteem; but I console myself with the idea that they who have any sense of shame, will not admit that the descrip-



tion applies to them, and they who are free from its troublesome restraints will glory in the character of dissipation.

The Undergraduates of this University then may be divided into the two classes of those, who, "make business their pleasure, and those, who make pleasure their business." Of these, the former admit of few divisions; you may know the Student by his contracted brow, his absent countenance, his regular pace, or his slovenly neckcloth; but you generally discover the idle man by the negative reason that he is *not* a reading man, than from any positive indication that he is. For idleness takes many different forms, and the torn gown and careless gait, are not the only characteristics of the non-reading man. Study like truth has one appearance, idleness like falsehood takes innumerable.

In beginning then with the studious part of the University, I am at first sight struck with dismay and despair; it is not for those who are learning physics from Newton and metaphysics from Aristotle, to descend from the pride of science to notice the compositions of an unexperienced Undergraduate. Their notice indeed would have been peculiarly desirable; they might have dignified me with their patronage, encouraged me with their approbation, and aided me with their knowledge; and it is with reluctance that I lay aside all thoughts of the *generality* of them, and turn myself

to the careless and greater division of non-reading men.

This perhaps it will be proper to divide into five classes :—

I. The first comprehends those who openly and without any secret compunction attack study, and the lovers of study ; it is theirs to boast that books should not constrain them to the confinement of their rooms for the highest honours the schools can award ; and that a pale countenance and weak eyes are the meet guerdon of those infatuated men, whom a senseless ambition stimulates to pore over the voluminous works of dull and tedious antiquity. These it may perhaps be expedient to style the Revilers.

II. The second class is composed of those worthy individuals who, from a laudable and proper regard for their health, merit the title of Valetudinarians. “ They really would read,” is their plea, “ if their health did only allow it ; but Dr. Such-a-one says this, and Dr. Such-a-one says that, and their nerves will not submit to the confinement of study, or be content without violent and constant exercise.” These either do not read at all, or read at the rate of an hour every alternate day, indulging themselves in the allowable luxury of forgetting what they have acquired every preceding day, by devoting every following one to the chase, or to the water.

III. In the third class I may rank those who, unlike the generality of idle men, seem so particularly anxious in their search for the *αγαθόν*, that they will not enter into any plan of study, because "they do not see *the good* of it." These have had of late, a favourite line in their mouths from the Oxford Spy,

No College honours fit him for mankind—

Such exalted ideas of good render them worthy the dignified appellation of Philosophers.

IV. To those who intend to perform much, and design that, "the deficiencies of to-day shall be supplied by the *morrow*," a *morrow* which is constantly flying from them, I must assign the fourth class and the name of Procrastinators. They come perhaps to the shades of Oxford, big with industrious resolutions, but, "infirm of purpose,"—they pretend not to justify or excuse their conduct, but continually promise that the future shall redeem the past.

V. And lastly to the fifth class belong those, who with magnificent expressions in their mouths conceal their total neglect of study. There seems to be a tolerable degree of vanity in their constitutions. They are "*Vox et præterea nihil*." The Procrastinators deceive themselves, the Quacks deceive others.—"They have no small chance of the Newdigate this year,



“for their composition was next to the  
 “prize poem the year before, and, indeed  
 “they would have gained it had they not  
 “inconsiderately neglected to begin their  
 “poem, till the day before it was to be  
 “given in; they have not determined whe-  
 “ther they shall write for the Latin Verse,  
 “they hardly think they shall have time,  
 “for when Aristotle is once attacked; what  
 “leisure is there for any thing besides it?”

This class is mostly engaged, I cannot say  
 employed, in sauntering up and down the  
 streets, lounging in the shops, at Betteris’s,  
 or the Tennis Court, or calling on their  
 numerous acquaintance.

Many other descriptions of idle men may  
 be found, but they seem mostly to be com-  
 pounded of these five classes, and to be  
 reducible to them.

This enumeration does not, I confess,  
 by any means inspire one with confidence,  
 or even hope; the Valetudinarian may per-  
 chance sometimes look over these pages,  
 and the Procrastinator may intend to do so;  
 but the Philosopher will not see the good of  
 writing Essays, and the Reviler and the  
 Quack will despise them. And now des-  
 pair would of necessity stop my pen, did I  
 not recollect that there was another sect of  
 men, who cannot be claimed either by the  
 former or the latter division; whom neglect  
 of the classics excludes from the studious,  
 and cultivation of modern literature from  
 the idle community; who, turning from the  
 with reluctance, by almost thought  
 of the necessity of them, and for the sake

obscurity of dead languages and the abstruseness of abstract science, flatter their imaginations with the charms of poetry, or solace their senses with the blandishments of music. To these, I particularly address myself; to these, I principally devote myself; these I hope to be my chief supporters. At the same time let me not be thought to exclude the other divisions of the University; it is diffidence and timidity that restrain me from hoping for their support. I heartily wish my forebodings may be irrational, and my anxiety unfounded; and my desire is to conciliate all parties, however inadequate my powers may be to my intentions. I see many little compositions circulated about the University, not sufficiently long to be published by themselves, and I could wish the Undergraduate were partly looked upon as a repository for them. This is one reason for my undertaking; some desire of applause is naturally another; and a regret that no periodical publication has been *continued* at Oxford by an Undergraduate is a third. Every reader must feel the arduousness of a first appearance before the public, and that reflection I trust will cause me to be favoured and encouraged.

\*\*\* Communications to be addressed, "To the Undergraduate," and put into the Letter Box, at Messrs. Munday and Slatter's, in the High Street.

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THE  
**UNDERGRADUATE.**

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No. II. MONDAY, FEB. 15th, 1819. *Pr. Sixpence.*

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“ Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?

“ Quem sese ore ferens ?”

VIRGIL.

**P**ERHAPS my Readers will think it but fair that the Author who announces an intention of intruding on their patience so often as once a week, should, upon starting, give some account of himself, his character, and pretensions. I am the son of a clergyman, who resides in an obscure and unfrequented part of the country. I was brought up entirely under the paternal roof, which I never quitted till I was sent to prosecute my studies at this University. As I was an enthusiastic admirer of Johnson, Locke, Addison, and the other great names which this seat of learning is proud to reckon among her sons, I could not but hear with a kind of rapturous feeling, that I was destined to fix my abode amid those classic shades which have been rendered celebrated by their talents, and have been consecrated by their remembrance.

As the only Oxonians of whom I had ever heard were those whom I have just mentioned, and others who have followed the same illustrious

track, I expected to find in every gownsman a philosopher, a genius, or a wit. My ideas of their conversation were taken from the humour of Addison, and of their customs from the rules of the Statute Book.

With such ideas, and such resolutions, I entered Oxford in the month of October 18—. When I came before the Vice-Chancellor, to go through the dreadful business of matriculation, my appearance, in which, at the time, I endeavoured to avoid any semblance of singularity, I have since discovered exhibited more of it than perhaps did that of any other Undergraduate who has ever undergone the same ceremony. My coat, waistcoat, and breeches completely corresponded with the description “*subfusci coloris*,” being of a dark snuff colour. My neckcloth, guiltless of starch, was tied in a *neat bow*, the two ends of which hung gracefully over my bosom to a most respectable length. My hair was combed perpendicularly down on all sides of my head, neither, as I thought, too short nor too long—“*Etiam in capillitio modus esto.*”—In short, my *coup d’œil* I must leave in part to the imagination of the reader ; though I do not think it impossible that he may sometimes, in walking through the streets of Oxford, meet with figures who may in some degree remind him of my description.



I will not weary the patience of my Readers by attempting to describe the various kinds of ridicule which I endured, or the adventures into which I was led by the unfortunate singularity of my appearance.—I was not without observation, and in a short time began, although by slow degrees, to imitate the dress of those I saw about me. I shall not easily forget the laughter of those who knew me when I first appeared in a starched neckcloth. The idea of my ever “sporting Dandy” was found by my acquaintance at first too ridiculous to resist; but stranger changes than mine have happened. As my seniors in the College were gradually succeeded by a new set of men who knew me only in my assumed character, my respectability increased, and at length I shone forth a Dandy complete. No one, at this period of my history was better known in the High-street, at Jubber’s, or Morris’s than I was, and I often looked with envy upon those whose finances allowed them to follow the hounds, or to drive tandems. This was the only point in which I failed in taking the lead of the gay world of Oxford; in every thing else I plunged into the vortex of dissipation as far as any, and my opinion of a coat or a cloth was appealed to as a standard of taste, and a dictate of the soundest criticism, from which there was no appeal.

Such was the second character which I filled

in the eyes of the University. The last change which has taken place in my habits is, perhaps, even more wonderful than the first. That a Rustic should turn Dandy, may perhaps be supposed; but that a Dandy should turn Author, is, I fear, quite beyond the limit of credibility.—Such, however, is the fact. Constant repetition, day after day, of the same dull routine of dressing and lounging, completely sickened me of that kind of life, and I have at length discovered there is more agreeable variety in what I had been accustomed to consider the monotonous life of a reading man, than in a continued enjoyment of the most varied pleasures which the ingenuity of a Dandy can invent.

This last change of opinion, as may be supposed, has not taken place without the repeated animadversions of my friends, who are all perplexed to find the cause of so unprecedented a metamorphosis.—One declares that I have involved myself in debt; another, that I am ambitious of the honours of the schools; and a third, that I am disgusted with my former companions; but the opinion which I find the generality entertain is, that I am—in love! Which of these opinions may be true, or whether the truth may lie between them all, I shall leave to their ingenuity to decide.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter from



three respectable Correspondents, and a Prize Poem from a different hand.

MR. UNDERGRADUATE,

THOSE who have at present the honour to address you, are three well-known and well-trying servants of this University, whose worth is sanctioned by the experience of the present and the concurrent testimony of all past generations. We are related to each other, though of different families. The first of us has an unrivalled claim to high descent, as whatever profession his ancestors might belong to, they invariably rose to the head of it. They have become the rallying points of Liberty, and sat above the Monarch on his throne.

The family of the second has not experienced the same exalted treatment from the world, as you never meet with one of them upon whom his best friends have not turned their backs. But this is nothing compared to the ill fortune which has constantly attended the relations of the third partner in the firm of this Letter. Would you believe it, Mr. Undergraduate, that all the ancestors he can remember have been literally hung by the neck. This latter Gentleman, in consequence, we suppose, of the misfortunes of his ancestors, is now completely deserted by almost all his acquaintance, and is scarcely ever to be

seen, except perhaps at certain seasons, in the neighbourhood of the Schools, where he is yet allowed to “strut and fret his hour,” and to expect with resignation his final expulsion from the University.

Indeed the fear which we all entertain of a similar misfortune with regard to ourselves, makes us thus bold in addressing you. Your first petitioner may now complain that almost every Undergraduate, like the Inconstant of Horace,—“*Mutat quadrata rotundis.*”—The second, that they perpetually cuff, wound, and otherwise maltreat one of their most constant followers, and one who, whatever adventure they might undertake, was ever at their heels.—And the third, that, though some admit him into a temporary tie of friendship, he is, in general, universally cut on all sides. If your influence can in any way counteract or diminish these growing evils, you will ever oblige, your’s, &c.

CAP. GOWN. BAND.

THE  
**FALL OF MERCURY;**

**A Prize Poem.**

---

HEARD ye the splash amid the startled wave?  
Heard ye the echo yon quadrangle gave?  
High on a rock, which swells above the flood,  
Proud of his might the Son of Maia stood;  
With head uprais'd, and heaven-directed eye,  
Scorning the earth to mingle with the sky—  
Firm on his brows his Petasus he wore,  
His hand, outstretch'd, sublime Caduceus bore;  
To life each breathing fibre seem'd to start,  
Grace all his mien, immortal every part;  
Peerless he seem'd, for heav'n's bright conclave fit,  
Floating in air, the leaden God of Wit;—  
To storms expos'd, but not by storms o'ercome,  
The pride of Christ Church, and the boast of Tom!

No sluggish current circled round his frame;  
That dark cheek glow'd with no terrestrial flame;—  
Those limbs so pliant, and that eye so keen,  
Deceiv'd dread Argos, 'guil'd the Paphian Queen,  
Led him to bear Vulcanian tools away,  
And Neptune's trident from his car convey.

Unrivall'd artist, where didst thou resort?  
In vision led to Jove's imperial court?  
There sure thou saw'st that form of heav'nly birth,  
Caught his profile, and brought it down to earth.



Hence anxious strangers crowded yonder shore,  
To gaze in silence, wonder, and adore;  
There learnt with awe that hallow'd green to tread,  
And shudd'ring bow'd before the work of lead.

Yet on that form, to more than rapture rais'd,  
In wild'ring trance the maid of Oxford gaz'd;  
'Tis said that here, amid the moonlight sheen,  
In lovesick dream the scullion oft was seen.  
Fix'd to the spot, though clad in loose array,  
Wishing and gazing all her soul away.  
One ev'ning, more propitious than the past,  
She thought the God a smile of favour cast,  
And buoy'd by hope, and flush'd with am'rous heat,  
Forgetful of the tides that lav'd her feet,  
She rush'd, but paus'd—the God was seen to move,  
Eager to meet his culinary love;  
And as in vain to clasp the fair he tried,  
Made a false step, and—fell into the tide.

### BOMBASTES FURIOSO,

———— College. T

The UNDERGRADUATE presents his compliments to FALCO, and is sorry that his proposal does not exactly coincide with the design of this Work.

The three Grecian Sages will find, by my advertisements, that their hint has been attended to.

M.

\* \* \* *Communications to be addressed, "To the Undergraduate," and put into the Letter Box, at Messrs. Munday and Slatter's, in the High Street.*

———— Munday and Slatter, Printers, Oxford.

THE  
**UNDERGRADUATE.**

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No. III. MONDAY, FEB. 22nd, 1819. *Pr. Sixpence.*

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————— I never may believe  
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys ;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends. SHAKESPEARE.

**I** WAS musing the other day, I know not why or wherefore, upon the tale of Astolpho, who, as we are told by an Italian poet, visited the regions of the Moon upon a flying hippogriff, and found there whatever had at any period been lost upon earth. This marvellous story was uppermost in my mind when I retired to rest, and I lay for some time considering the discoveries that might be supposed to be made there, should a knight be so daring as to pay it a visit at the present day. As sleep insensibly stole over me, the objects of my waking thoughts, according to the custom of Essayists, became the subject of my sleeping fancy, and, as nearly as I can recollect, the following ideas were presented to my mind.

Whence I had procured my hippogriff I could not tell, but it appeared to me, that I was moving on his back with immense celerity through the regions of space ; the orb of the Moon, towards which I was proceeding in a direct line, seemed gradually to dilate, till, after some time,

it lost its luminous appearance, and became a world like our own. While upon the road, I travelled with too great rapidity to be able to discern any particularity in its appearance; but as soon as my hippogriff had alighted on, (I was going to say,) *terra firma*, and I had descended from his back, I looked around with astonishment, and beheld myself surrounded with buildings of a much more imposing aspect than any I had ever seen on earth. Towers, columns, and pyramids extended far as the eye could reach on every side; the styles of Greece, Egypt, Rome, and an hundred others, which I had never seen nor heard of, were piled together in confusion, and produced, from their variety perhaps, a grander effect than if the rules of consistency had been strictly adhered to throughout.

While I was admiring the wonderful grandeur of this metropolis, as I supposed it to be, of the world in which I stood, I perceived a person approaching me. "Daring stranger," he exclaimed, "highly indeed hast thou been favoured  
 "in being suffered to visit a place which has been  
 "barred against the sons of earth since the days  
 "of Charlemagne of France, when the bold As-  
 "tolpho was borne to these airy regions. Like  
 "him, doubtless, thou comest in search of some-  
 "thing that has been lost in the world below."  
 I bowed in silence, and encouraged by the mildness



of his demeanour, ventured to ask him the name of the city in which we stood.—“ It is no city,” he replied, “ these, which thou seest are all “ celebrated buildings, which are no more to be “ found on earth. That vast temple before you, “ contained the shrine of Diana at Ephesus ; we “ have been in possession of this ornament of our “ sphere ever since the night on which Alexander “ of Macedon was born ; it was presented to us, “ by one Erostratus, whose name has been in con- “ sequence enrolled as one of our benefactors. “ For that to the right of it, which is still more “ magnificent, we may thank Titus the Roman “ Emperor ; he gave it to us rather more than “ 1700 years ago. That beyond it——.” But I will not fatigue the patience of my readers with a longer description of that which their fancy, no doubt, can so accurately supply ; suffice it to say, my guide pointed out to me in turn, all the great buildings of antiquity, which are only known to mankind by the fanciful strains of the poet, and the more exact descriptions of the historian.

“ The Moon,” said my conductor, “ is, as you “ may have learned from Ariosto, the general re- “ ceptacle for whatever is lost or destroyed in “ your world below. The instant any substance “ disappears there, it makes its appearance in “ our sphere. The crowns of fallen monarchies, “ the works of forgotten writers, are here pre-

“ served and treasured with care. Those wonderful  
 “ secrets, with which the ancient inhabitants of  
 “ your globe were acquainted, but which have  
 “ escaped the researches of modern philosophers,  
 “ have all flown hither. Every thing, in short,  
 “ which you cannot find on earth, you may dis-  
 “ cover here. Follow me and I will guide you  
 “ over our extensive Museum.” I obeyed in si-  
 lence. Some part of his speech gave me, I confess,  
 great pleasure, as I reflected that, if by any un-  
 foreseen chance my Undergraduates should ever  
 be lost to earthly readers, they would at least be  
 deposited here in a safe storehouse, where it was  
 just possible that in the lapse of ages some  
 mortal, as highly favoured as myself, might be  
 permitted to peruse them, and even to restore  
 them to earth.

Amid the vast collection of curiosities over  
 which I was conducted, nothing, as may be sup-  
 posed, was more likely to interest me than what-  
 ever had any relation to the University of which  
 I have the honour to be an unworthy member.  
 The reader may judge therefore of the delight  
 and surprise with which I viewed the entrance to  
 a large chamber, on the door of which was in-  
 scribed, “ Collection from Oxford.” With the  
 permission of my guide I was eagerly rushing in,  
 when my hurry was stopped by the appearance  
 of a large party of Dons within ;—As I have a

kind of instinctive reverence for beings of that description, I pulled off my cap and entered with a more moderate pace ;—I embraced, notwithstanding, the first opportunity of asking my guide, in a whisper, who they were—“ They are,” he replied, “ the Principal and Fellows of Hertford College, whose situations, as you well know, have become vacant in your mundane sphere for some years back.” We proceeded in silence past this party, and my attention was next attracted by an infinite number of packages of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, which lay scattered about the chamber, and piled upon shelves on every side of it. My curiosity immediately excited me to examine one of them, which, by the title upon it, proved to be the application of the men of a certain College; hard by it stood the humility of the inhabitants of one building in this City, and the first class list of another.

Not far from these were stowed, in smaller packages, “ the wit of a Don” and “ the lenity of an Examining Master.” But what filled up the place more than any thing else were little vials, which, as I was told, contained the senses of all who had lost them in Oxford. It would cause some surprise were I to enumerate the various names I read inscribed upon them. In that part of the room which was appropriated to the members of a certain division of the University, I reckoned, as



nearly as I could calculate, 1874. It suddenly struck me what an inestimable benefit I should confer upon the University, and upon the world in general, were I permitted to bear back with me to earth some of these lost treasures; and my request to that effect met with the instant acquiescence of my conductor. I had chosen out the senses of those whose sanity of mind I imagined would be of the greatest benefit to others, and I was employed in adding to the lot those of a friend of mine who had once been a reasonable being, but who since his loss of them had been rather too fond of risking his neck on horseback over every fence or ditch he meets with, when I was interrupted by the approach of several Gownsmen. They were principally, as the foremost of them informed me, Commoners of New College and Corpus, and Gentlemen-Commoners of Balliol and Trinity. The spokesman addressed me with great civility, and said that as he was informed I was an Oxford man, who was about to bear a packet to the earth, he should be happy to recommend to my notice a few articles which he could not but imagine would prove of great utility there. As I of course expressed, in appropriate language, my readiness to oblige him, or to serve our Alma Mater, he led me to another part of the hall, where he pointed out a large parcel, which he assured me would prove, at Oxford,

an invaluable treasure. I found the title of it to be "The practical utility of Aristotle." Another which he recommended in terms nearly as strong as the first proved to be "The sense and advantages of Logic." Transported at the sight, I resolved, whatever trouble they might cost me, to bring such precious articles to earth. While I was bearing them, with the assistance of my friendly guide, to the place where I had left my steed, just at the entrance of the chamber, I observed a small vial, of so different an appearance from any of the rest, that I could not refrain from examining it. What was my astonishment to behold, engraved on it, in large and legible characters, "The senses of the Undergraduate!" Without reflecting on the possible consequences, I instantly uncorked the precious vial, when, whether it was the motion of my hand or the noise of the chapel bell which began at that instant to din most provokingly in my ears, I know not, but I awoke. I could not afterwards but feel rather rejoiced at the interruption that I experienced, as I think it more than probable that if I had succeeded in my purpose, the world would not have been edified by any more Undergraduates.

#### TO THE UNDERGRADUATE.

The petition of Misippus humbly sheweth, That whereas there is an unreasonable custom too prevalent among us, which calls loudly for reform, your petitioner thinks himself justified in

appealing to that authority which he thinks most likely to put an end to it. That whereas sundry sportsmen, not content with devoting the entire day to hunting, shooting, larking, or the like, must needs take upon them to become their own historians, and to divert their friends in the evening with a circumstantial description of "hard runs," "five-barred gates," &c. your petitioner humbly hopes you will take the case of those who suffer by this class of Gentlemen into your earnest consideration, and forbid those who cannot discourse upon any rational subject, to enter into conversation at all. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.

The request of Misippus is granted ; and be it hereby enacted, and obeyed by all to whom these presents may come, that no huntsman or sportsman be ever in future suffered to relate any story relative to his own achievements which shall last longer than the space of three minutes ; except it be after supper, when the Bishop is brought in, at which time this law is not to be considered in force.

(Signed,) THE UNDERGRADUATE. L.

Falco, I hope, has heard from me through my Publisher. The critique on St. Bartholomew's Eve, is under consideration.

*\*\* Communications to be addressed, "To the Undergraduate," and put into the Letter Box, at Messrs. Munday and Slatter's, in the High Street.*

*Munday and Slatter, Printers, Oxford.*



THE  
**UNDERGRADUATE.**

No. IV. MONDAY, MARCH 1st, 1819. *Pr. Sixpence.*

— Varias inducere plumas  
 Undique collatis membris.

Hon.

**TO THE OXFORD SPY.**

SIR,

**YOUR** Work has met with such universal and deserved approbation, that perhaps it may be a little presumptive in me to attempt addressing you. Excuse me, however, if I say some few words respecting one part of your Publication, from a desire that the beauties of poetry may not shelter false reasoning, or rather make that pass for reasoning which has no pretensions whatever to it. I willingly give you the praise of a very fertile genius for poetry, a warmth and animation which shews you feel what you write, a just choice and admirable variety of words on every subject, the faculty of being graceful in your merriment, and amiable in your strongest satire; and I have to thank you for much entertainment in perusing your Poem. You will therefore be candid enough to believe that it is from no principle of jealousy or love of censure that I request the

Undergraduate to insert this in his Paper. I will not make any formal introduction, lest my letter take up more room than it deserves.

And I begin by assuming, what is undeniable, that the opinions of P. are your own; his attacks are poorly warded off by C.; and the various apostrophes he makes, particularly that on the College of Fox, puts the question beyond doubt. But whether it be or be not is of no consequence, if the impression every Reader has on rising up from your Work (and this no one will deny) is that the opinion of P. is your own.

The first thing that disgusted this enthusiastic Youth on his coming to Oxford, was to find folly clothed in solemnity; and the wearer of the gown and band liable to the tyranny of spleen, envy, pride, and all the meaner passions of the breast. What? did he expect that Dons were perfect? Do they pretend to a superior nature? A man comes up with foolish opinions in his head, and then rails against all he meets, because he is disappointed. He says that Oxford is no place for those who indulge in ideal luxury of thought, in gazing on the moon, &c. &c. and *how* are such persons disappointed? Forsooth, because philosophy is enchained, and religion corrupted! How, in the name of goodness, are these things related to each other? A man loves romantic pleasures—comes up to Oxford, and

finds false philosophy—*consequently* he is disappointed

But we will proceed to the charge of religion's being corrupted. This must be held as absolutely false, except by such as object to "that pure and apostolical branch of it, established in these dominions;" for no one will assert that Oxford is not orthodox. But by your constant ridicule of that word, perhaps you mean to object to the Church of England. However, be that as it may, P. asserts that the religion of Oxford is corrupted, and how does he support the accusation? He does not attempt it, but launches out into a violent abuse of Logic and Aristotle. I repeat that it is impossible to separate the opinions of P. from your own, and if you mean to assert the contrary, we can only lament that error in judgment which has caused the mistake of the whole University, or at least that negligence which has not made C. expose the random assertions and rambling declamations of his opponent.

Hoping you will excuse the freedom with which I have treated that particular passage of your Poem,

I remain, Sir,

Your sincere admirer,

EMENDATOR.



## TO THE UNDERGRADUATE.

SIR,

The enclosed is a specimen of a new heroic poem in which I am engaged ; by way of letting the public have some notion of the great things they may one day expect to see, you will perhaps allow it a place in your Paper. Unlike most poets, I am the hero of my own tale, which laments my downfall and its cause in terms equally sublime and pathetic. Hoping, Mr. Undergraduate, that you may never experience such a misfortune, but may pass both a little-go and great-go in the public approbation,

I remain,

Your obedient Servant,

A WOULD-BE GRADUATE.

---

 SPECIMEN

OF

TESTAMUR LOST,

AN HEROIC POEM.

---

OF simple apprehension, and the fruit  
 Of analytic *trees*, whose mortal taste  
 Brought posing into Schools ; accompanied  
 By *plucking* and the loss of liceats,  
 Sing, Academic Muse, who on the top



Of Headington or Shotover didst inspire  
 My mind, far ranging for examples tough  
 Of Syllogism or Enthymem, and didst oft  
 Answers dictate at lecture unprepared:  
 Thee I invoke, to aid scholastic song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above the Newdigate or Chancellor's prize.  
 A luckless youth I sing, who, with a host  
 Of books unread; in vain pretext went up,  
 And logicless; with bold design and boast,  
 In rash revolt against examining force  
 Waged fruitless war.—Him academic power  
 Hurl'd headlong, funk'g, from the crowded Schools,  
 With hideous plucking and rejection down  
 In *bottomless* fall;—who went *on bottom* up;—  
 To endless degradation—there to dwell  
 Till the next great-go—he in burning woe,  
 Nine times the space that measures the long day  
 To men who *sit* in schools, lay flat, aghast.

As when a flounder on a fisher's tray,  
 In Billingsgate, expiring lies supine;  
 'Mid nets and hooks she gasping rolls her eye,  
 Sad instruments of all her woe;—so he,  
 Exploring round, descried all hideous forms  
 Abortive, monstrous, and unkindly mix'd,  
 Majors, and minors, and conclusions dire:  
 And thus his rage, indignant 'gan to vent:  
 " This is thy precious work, parent of logic!  
 " Great Aldrich! this is thy confounded plucking,  
 " Patron of Schoolmen's learning; friend of Monks,  
 " Jesuits, and Friars, and all the trumpery  
 " Of ages—Who shall tempt, with dizzy brain,  
 " Thy dark, unfathom'd, measureless confusion?

" Or thro' thy palpable obscure find out  
 " 'Mid darkness visible his wilder'd way. —  
 " Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of learning,  
 " Tutors ! for ye behold him, and with notes  
 " Circle his margin ;—ye in Common Room,  
 " In Hall join all ye pupils to extol  
 " His *firsts* and *lasts* and *middles* without end.  
 " Humbug ! of all this work both life and soul,  
 " Acknowledge him excelling, sound his fame  
 " In thy eternal course when thou gull'st freshmen,  
 " When high degrees are giv'n, or when thou pluck'st.  
 " Subject ! who predicate now meet'st, now fliest,  
 " As Copula fix'd in his orb declares ;  
 " And ye, five predicable forms, that move  
 " In mystic dance ; (sound without sense,) and ye,  
 " Hexameters, that warble as ye flow,  
 " With Barbara Celarent, tune his praise !—  
 " Ye opposites, that from four corners blow  
 " Foul contradictions, lying, puff his fame !  
 " Modes, and ye syllogisms ! the noblest birth  
 " Of logic's womb, that in quaternion run  
 " Perpetual figure multiform,—and mix  
 " And puzzle all things—let your ceaseless change  
 " Vary to our great Aldrich' still new shame.  
 " Ye mists and misconceptions, that now rise  
 " From term or proposition, dusky or grey,  
 " Till the next lecture daub your shades with light,  
 " In honor of this book's great author rise !  
 " Whether to blot with clouds the mental sky,  
 " Or drench th' o'erwhelmed mind with muddy showr's ;  
 " Rising or falling, waste and rot his pages.  
 " Join voices all ye living souls, ye *men*  
 " That are not *horses* and ye *stones* not *men*,

" Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 " In Hall or High-street, meadow, or fresh shade,  
 " Made vocal by my curses;—for your Humbug  
 " Has gather'd all this evil—heaped it on me.—  
 " Confound it ! " as now night confounds my day,"

---

### TO THE UNDERGRADUATE.

SIR,

In a free country like this, where every one  
 has a right to declare his sentiments, provided  
 that they do not tend to injure either the State or  
 the happiness of a private individual, a freethinker  
 may surely be allowed to point out any imperfec-  
 tions he may discern in the laws. You will  
 therefore, I hope, permit me to speak my mind  
 respecting the act, " That no huntsman nor  
 " sportsman be ever in future suffered to relate  
 " any story relative to his own achievements  
 " which shall last longer than the space of three  
 " minutes." I must first observe to you, that I  
 am no huntsman myself, lest you should fancy  
 that I write with a partial view in favour of  
 sporting gentlemen. Though I agree with Mi-  
 sippus that it is for the most part irksome to the  
 studious ear to be dinned with anecdotes so un-  
 interesting to him as those which are usually  
 sported by men of that description, I am doubt-  
 ful if the evil would be remedied by such a pro-



hibitory law as that signed by your name. Such a law would be constantly broken, especially as *true sportsmen* might perhaps be as much annoyed by men of science discoursing about Latin and Greek, Euclid and Aristotle, as Misippus was by *sportsmen's disputations*. I therefore beg leave to move, that this act be repealed, and that another act be passed, whereby sportsmen may be empowered and encouraged to associate with men of their own way of thinking alone, scholars with scholars, dunces with dunces, Misippi with Mississippi, &c. Such a measure would, in my humble opinion, tend to the preservation of such a proper degree of liberty in this University, as would be suitable to the honour of the nation. Permit me to subscribe myself

MISOSEVERUS.

In a subject of such great moment I shall not hastily decide, but reserve the point till next Monday, which will not only give me time to consult the opinions of my friends, but afford Misippus an opportunity, if he desire it, of putting in a plea of rejoinder.

N.

\* \* \* *Communications to be addressed, "To the Undergraduate," and put into the Letter Box, at Messrs. Munday and Slatter's, in the High Street.*

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Munday and Slatter, Printers, Oxford.



THE

## UNDERGRADUATE.

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No. V. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10th, 1819. *Pr. Sixpence.*

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“Comis et blanda salutatio sæpe conciliat amicitiam.”

ERASMI COLL. p. 1.

**PEACE** to the ashes of Catunculus! May no rude footstep soil the verdure of his grave; nor harsh address offend his polished shade! But let the soft “Salve,” and music sweeter than a German dedication, delight his ear amid the ceremonial pleasures of Elysium. Here too, immortal in the notice of Erasmus, may his memory be secure from critical asperity, or the insolence of comment! I at least, like a well-bred Undergraduate, as I am, will scatter roses on his tomb, when I can find its site; or clubbing for a painted slab with gilded Cupids, imitate thereon the epitaph of Yorick, and inscribe,

Eheu! mi Catunculille!

To his gentle precepts, transmitted and enlarged by the labours of Erasmus, we owe the blandest lessons for our social intercourse. Chesterfield and Gregory, and the Arcadian poet of the Leasowes, after all are only imitators, and do not rival the familiar graces, the minute urba-

nity, inculcated by the son of Gerardus. More read and better known, they neither equal the merit of the classical Dutchman, nor like him, sealing their doctrine by their sufferings, did they fall, martyrs to refinement. Careful, as he tells us, to preserve a bloodless pen, he passed his fiftieth year, without the pain of an attack, or the cruel duty of retorting. But Faber at last unsheathed the controversial sword, to plant it in the most sensitive of human bosoms. The Lutheran war followed with all its horrors: and poor Erasmus, endeavouring to conciliate the forbearance of the contending parties, roused the malignity of both, and was torn to pieces in the struggle.

His history would give a sanction to his maxims, were a sanction needed. But they carry with themselves the strongest recommendation. What can be more attractive, or more edifying, than to follow this mellifluous author through all the mazes of elegance, and learn from him the smoothest form for each suggestion of politeness! What more refreshing, than to trace throughout his writings the mild operation of the lesser affections, and to catch the flowing strain of colloquial benevolence! Surely salutation was intended to be one of the prime offices of language, and Eden itself would have been dull without a medium for conjugal civility:

—————“ With that thy gentle hand  
 “ Seiz’d mine; I yielded, and from that time see  
 “ How beauty is excell’d by manly grace  
 “ And wisdom, which alone is truly fair!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ To whom our general ancestor reply’d:  
 “ Daughter of God and man, *accomplish’d* Eve!”—

Meeting, parting, passing, or joining company, we find perpetual occasion for the petty phrases; and are bound in gratitude to the daring master, self-constituted arbiter of diction and obeisance, who has prescribed them for us. The first address, the last impression, most frequently ensure our object, or promote our interests. The heart is oftenest stormed by the simplest methods; and a well-timed compliment, a delicate attention, will win the citadel, that could stand out for ever against the approaches of a formal siege. Yet we must not forget that there are some occasions on which to observe is to offend, and to be silent is to be polite. The text is in the Colloquies: but my squeamish readers might be startled by its homeliness; and *here* I cannot trust to the obscurity of learning.

It is amusing to consider what various modes of salutation prevail, and have prevailed, in various climes and ages, from the nice gradations of Persian courtesy, to the blunt expressions of English independence. But the Latin diminutives, the Turkish salam, the prostration of China,



the kiss of France, the Caledonian gripe, are nothing more than means of signifying the same thing in different ways. If dictated by good sense and good nature, they constitute real politeness : if only meant as ceremonies, they are only an artificial imitation of the genuine quality. Good sense and good nature will make a man truly agreeable, though he has never seen a court ; and without them he will continue a clown, though he practise all his life as a lord of the bed chamber. But we do not generally look so deep for principles ; and the vulgar eye, caught by appearances alone, is shocked by outward dissimilarities. The politest Mandarin of Shensi, with the seventeen books of ceremonies engraven on his memory, beyond the precincts of the great Wall, would only be the subject of ridicule. Not a red, a blue, an ivory button, could redeem him from contempt. An European, skilled in the observances of occidental decorum, would seem as strange in the circles of Pekin : while the hospitable Caffre, who presses on the blushing traveller a share in his matrimonial comforts, would hold in equal scorn the unmannerly selfishness of both. But the true philosopher, in generalising the systems of good-breeding, overlooks all national peculiarities. He discerns that in every country the wise will be polite ; but fools only in their own.



The distinctions of politeness in the same country, are quite as worthy of remark, as national varieties. Some are merely ludicrous to the sensible observer ; others may excite along with the smile of taste, the frown of indignation. In England, the rising scale of compellation, "*Ah! Jack!*" "*My dear Sir James!*" "*Good'morning to your Lordship!*"—with the nod, the bend, the senatorial bow, that harmonize with each, may be referred to the first-mentioned class. But in the narrower circle to which my speculations are more peculiarly addressed, we find sufficient matter for disgust. Here, where politeness is an article of Statute, and civility is enforced by fine and imposition, the certainty of rebuke, and the possibility of whipping, Heraclitus might divide with the laughter of Abdera. Was it pride or meanness ; ambition of respect, or the dread of degradation, that dictated to the framers of our academical laws, their ridiculous enactments ? Do they really enjoy the sulky homage of the sneering Undergraduate ; or suppose, that as long as they require reverence by arbitrary rule, the obedience of their temporary subjects can ever be extended into an affection for their persons ? Is it proper or becoming that the professors of liberal knowledge and polite literature should permit a servile and humiliating token of observance from many that are their superiors, all that are

their equals, in the world? Is it decent that the principal of any College in any University, should not suffer a covered head in his quadrangle; and, greater than his Sovereign, should not have one *Kinsale* in his dominions? I am sorry that I have to ask such questions; but our authorities should be more ashamed to answer them. It will be well if this and other faults be amended quickly. A stronger pen than mine may otherwise be roused against them. Its energies repressed in one direction, may burst forth with double fury in another, and sweep away with a resistless force, both the obstacles of pride, and the arguments of folly.

S.

---

I have received the following letters from different correspondents.

#### TO MR. UNDERGRADDYATT.

SUR,

I am a farmer who rent to his sorrow a smal farm about 3 miles from Oxford, and am much troubled by a mort of idle chaps as ride over my young corn and break down my fences day after day—whereof if I try to catch 'em they having bits of skin and bone that dont value ne'er a fence or gate in Crissendam shake their hats at me and

dash on as if the devil drove them—now Sur I saw the bill advertizing your kind of a newspaper as it were stuck up in our corn markett last Saturday was sennight and Wife tells me how that it is much the same as a book ritten by a Mr. Spectator whereof we have an odd vollyum which Wife reads tho I dont see much good in it, but she says how that he advertized folks complaints if sent to him therefore I make bold so as to trouble you being that your paper is read by the young skolars hopping you will let them know I wont stand any longer to see my feilds and crops rod over but have consulted with our Parson who is a madgestrate and he advises to set them when catchd in the Stocks as a newsanse which I will do or pump on 'em—Now Mr. Undergraddyatt them young things' fathers perhaps has farms are idle folk suffered to cut them after the like Fashion rite a printed paper to them about the same and putt sume latten at top if you have any in hand

Hopping no offence Sur

I remain yours

A. B.

P. S. I whuld put my own name to it being God knows no ways asham'd of it but I see none of the letters to the other gentilman are signed with true names N. B. I dont take in your paper as the prise is plaguy high being that you have no news in it nor even the prise of Corn



which I wonder at—My boy will putt this in your box at the printer's—

## TO THE UNDERGRADUATE.

SIR,

I send you some lines on a pendant Highwayman, modernized from an old English manuscript. I suspect that from them Gray took the idea of the Epitaph in his famous elegy—

Your's, &c.

MENDAX.

### I.

Here swings his carcase high 'twixt heav'n and earth,

A youth to Newgate and Old Bailey known;

Fierce Rapine frown'd not on his doubtful birth,

And sly Laverna mark'd him for her own.

### II.

Bright were his pistols, and his aim was bold,

The recompense surpass'd his wildest hope:

He took from trav'lers (all they had) their gold,

He gain'd from Justice (his deserts) a rope.

### III.

No farther seek his frailties to disclose,

Or from the dust his deeds felonious draw,

(There they alike in crumbling writs repose,)

Texts for the thief, and terrors of the law!

The Letter of DECIUS on a recent transaction in a certain College, has been received. It shall appear in my next Paper. I need not add that I shall always be proud to receive the assistance of so powerful a correspondent. S.

For the future the Undergraduate will be published every Wednesday Morning.

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Munday and Slatter, Printers, Oxford.



THE  
UNDERGRADUATE.

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No. VI. SATURDAY, MARCH 20th, 1819. Pr. Sixpence.

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TO THE UNDERGRADUATE.

SIR,

I am surprised that you have not turned your attention to the subject of Determining. You might have employed yourself in attacking it with argument, or in defending it with irony: and thus have pleased one of two parties, either those who consider it as an absurd ceremony, or those who are disposed to acquiesce in the established order of things. For my own part, I cannot complain of having been brought up to Oxford from a great distance, merely to read some bad Latin to empty benches. I reside in the University, and my only difficulty was to fix on a subject for my compositions.

My first plans were overthrown by the Masters of the Schools themselves, who had come (as report said) to a resolution not to allow more than three exercises *verbatim* the same, to be read in the same day, and no single exercise to be read more than twenty times during the whole session. As both my essays were set aside by this regulation, I was forced to turn my attention elsewhere.

I need not trace the history of my speculations; it is enough to say, that after “long chusing and beginning late,” I have employed myself upon the two following subjects:—

1. An Inquiry into the Charges of Innkeepers, especially Italian Innkeepers, from the time of Polybius to the present day. I intend to begin with Polybius, because he (Lib. 2. 15.) expressly informs us, that in Cisalpine Gaul, landlords engaged to receive travellers, and furnish them with all that they could possibly want for an *ἡμιασάριον*. I shall have little trouble in making researches through succeeding times, because I happened to have by me some curious papers, written by an ancestor of mine, a learned epicure, who lived in the days of Queen Bess, containing all that I can wish or hope to know about the matter in question, up to his time. I shall be able to give the state of things at the present day most accurately, through the kindness of a friend, just returned from his travels in Italy, and in whose journal particular attention has been paid to this head. I need scarcely mention that the travels of a noble Lord, lately published, supply me much collateral information on all culinary matters.

2. An Inquiry into Charges for the Use of Boats, from the seige of Troy to the present day. On this subject I shall be particularly great. A

friend of mine purchased, at Paris, a manuscript, said to have been written by M. Fourmont, (Author and Editor of certain Amyclean Inscriptions) who professed to have copied from an ancient monument, found in the Troad, the very table of fares, which were established among the Greeks during their ten years' stay there.— Now I apprehend, that no good-natured critic will question the Abbe's veracity as to all this. He had the monument broken in pieces immediately after he had copied the inscription. I will only add, that its genuineness appears to be established by internal evidence. Of this I will give one instance. We know that the ship of Ajax Telamon was anchored at the extremity of one of the wings of the fleet. Now the fare from his vessel to that of the chief commander is stated, in the table, to be a sheep's head, a far more valuable reward, I perceive, than was allowed to be given for ferrying any one of less dignity than a chief, not so long a distance. This table of fares was buried when the Greeks had their fleet hauled up on the shore. From these ancient times I shall descend, "with my pen in hand," through an important passage to be found in Plato, (vol. 4, p. 140. Edit. Bip.) to the present day; and shall state, with laudable accuracy, the relative charges of the boatmen on the Rhine, and their fellows on the Thames, together with



those of a Scotch coble, a Chinese junk, a Venetian gondola, and a Leith smack ; nor shall I forget to produce the fares of the steam boats in England, Scotland, America, and Spain. My peroration will contain a panegyric on Mrs. Hall.

My chief reason for selecting these subjects, was an earnest desire of assisting my friends, and a conviction of the practical utility which must ensue to the public, from an accurate investigation of these interesting matters. I intend to publish both these treatises, and I shall shortly solicit subscriptions to my work, which will be given to the world in two octavo volumes. A list of the subscribers, according to the arrangement of Dr. Busby, the translator of Lucretius, shall be prefixed ; to which I shall add an elaborate account of my "*subsidia*," &c. &c. *cum indicibus necessariis*, &c.

Meanwhile, I take the liberty of offering to my brother bachelors the following subjects as worthy of employing their attention, and exciting their speculations. I give subjects for essays and verses indiscriminately :

1. De vocibus *Kai yap*.
2. Quid de Ecclesiâ Carfaxianâ sensisset Aristoteles? Vide Politica, pp. 283-4. (Ed. Ox. 1810.)
3. De Alcibiade, et de omnibus qui inde ab Alcibiadis ætate Mercurios violaverint.
4. Mors columbarum, sive Anacreontis lamenta.

5. De viro singulari Jer. Bentham.

Ejicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba. HOR.

6. Rectene an non *caudatos* homines fuisse judicaverit

Dom. Monboddo? Capiti, cane *talia*, demens,

Dardanio, rebusque tuis. VIRG.

7. Moss. carmen Anacreonticum: seu laudes pulcherrimæ

Naiadum.

8. De pulchritudine muliebri quid senserit Aristoteles?

9. De codice manuscripto vitæ et gestorum illustrissimi

Munchausen; qui a viro celsissimo Antonio de

Humbug comparatus, in Bibliothecâ Bodleianâ hodie

adservatur.

Non ille quanquam Socraticis mædet

Serimonibus, te negliget horridus. HOR.

10. Quisnam "celsissimus," juste dici possit?

Ad Vehiculum, vulgo, "Star-Coach" appellatum.

—stellanti axe. GRAY.

11. De metro Antispastico, secundum variationes a Barneio

notatas a Thucydide per totam ejus historiam adhibito.

I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros. HOR.

12. Quodnam fuerit Herodoti *χρησιμότης*?

Tu ne quæsieris: scire nefas. HOR.

13. De Glasguensis Scapulæ præcipuis virtutibus.

14. Tertiæ Juvenalis Satyræ imitatio, sive Bickertoni ex

Universitate Oxoniensi abitus.

Nam quid ego? aut quæ nunc spondet fortuna salutem? VIRG.

16. Quidnam sit utilitatis in Medæ Euripidis Editione

Elmsleiana?

*μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον.*

17. De usu et abusu Determinandi.

18. Quidnam sibi velit secundum caput sexti libri Ethic.

Nichom. Aristotelis?

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error. VIRG.

19. Plus bonine an mali Oxoniensibus attulerit potestas Procuratoria?

O nate ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum. VIRG.

20. De quantitate vocis Knideaugiithghpukkaagreaiaadesadocogh.

Quod versu dicere non est. HOR.

21. Utrum in commentitiâ republicâ suâ justam ad nubendum ætatem statuerit Aristoteles?

22. De Scotis illis Metaphysicis, quos nunquam legimus, neque unquam legemus.

Parce dehinc, puer, atque alios ne quære doceri. VIDA.

23. De subfusco colore, et quomodo ab eo omnes alii colores significentur.

24. Canis Gallicus, sive victoria ad agrum Vantagiensem nuper parta.

Emicat et ventis et fulminis ocyor alis. VIRG.

25. "Humbug" genus in species dividendum.

26. Regulæ quædam quibus oratio fiat in legendo longior.

Si quid novisti rectius istis

Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum. HOR.

27. De Bamptoniensis concionis justa longitudine.

O lux Dardaniæ! spes O fidissima Teucrum!

Quæ tantæ tenuere moræ? quibus Hector, ab oris

Expectate venis?

Ille nihil.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

A. B.

## TO THE UNDERGRADUATE.

SIR,

Having received a very singular letter a few days since from my Son, of a certain College in Oxford, which he no doubt, poor fellow, prides



himself on as being vastly poetical, but which is far less acceptable to me than a decent ordinary letter would have been, I have taken the liberty of enclosing the same to you, that it may have a chance of appearing in print, and of letting him know at the same time how little for the future I shall prize his poetical compositions.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

your very obedient humble Servant,

T. F.

P. S. I leave this for you myself at Messrs. Munday and Slatter's; I have this day seen my Son; he knows not the fate of his letter.

—————*College, March 2nd, 1819.*

HONOURED PARENTS,

Arriv'd amongst Oxford's divines,  
 Delighted I hasten to send you some lines—  
 Which, unlike the letters I sent you from school,  
 Will be written off hand, without pencil or rule—  
 In a scribbling hand too—ah! 'tis heav'n, I declare,  
 No longer the name of a School-boy to bear;  
 But to enter at once quite a different sphere,  
 And be one's own master unlimited here:—  
 And I hope to forget too as soon as I can,  
 The sweet "Master Thomas" in "Sir," and "Young man."  
 'Tis delightful to see how the tradesmen submit,  
 Scrape and bow, as I pass, as my feet they would kiss;  
 How each sedulous scout doffs the dutiful hat,  
 With "shall I do this, Sir, and shall I do that"—

Whilst I deign them a nod, or strut heedlessly by;—  
 For I feel so exalted of late and so high—  
 That I really think Fortune has had a design  
 To make me a Bishop—oh! thought most divine!  
 For you know how Mamma used to flatter and say,  
 “She was sure she should see me a Bishop some day:”  
 And as soon as I saw this magnificent city,  
 I felt some how or other most wonderful witty.  
 But I now will begin, and attempt to describe  
 All the sights and adventures, a numerous tribe,  
 I have met with and seen since the time I departed  
 From home and yourself, so depress’d and faint-hearted.

And first you must know I much wonder’d to meet  
 Such a number of gownsmen parading the street;  
 Not a woman was there;—I suppose the black gown  
 Is enough for the sight of this cold-hearted town,  
 Since it serves to remind it of female society;  
 Tho’ I fear ’tis the standard of vice and ebriety;  
 For the very first night, as I sat quite content,  
 Revolving each accident, thought, and event;  
 I heard such a knocking and noise at my door,  
 T’would have drown’d ev’ry African savage’s roar;  
 I continued quite silent, unable to speak,  
 But my door was infirm, first beginning to creak—  
 Then it burst from its hinges, and, falling along,  
 Gave entrance to three or four drunkards, a throng  
 That threat’ned and swore so, and stagger’d about,  
 That I thought it the much safest plan to get out.—  
 Next morning I got up for chapel and pray’r—  
 But another misfortune awaited me there;  
 I had to walk up ’midst a numerous crowd,  
 Of whom not a soul but was giggling aloud;

And wond'ring to know what the cause of't might be,  
 I discover'd at last they were laughing at me ;  
 But believe me the cause I don't know at this minute.  
 Hang the chapel ! I wish I had never been in it—  
 You must know, I had heard we must all touch our caps  
 To the Fellows, with long sleeves, and those sort of chaps ;  
 So meeting a little diminutive elf,  
 I uncover'd my head, when (conceive to yourself)  
 I afterwards learnt, to my mortification—  
 'Twas only a Singing Boy (he—ll and d——nation !)  
 But I fear I shall shock you, dear Father, by swearing,  
 'Tis a vile dirty garment, that's not worth the wearing,  
 Which will quickly be blown off by Oxford's brisk airing :  
 And I now have determin'd to miss not an hour,  
 So to set about reading I've order'd a pow'r  
 Of books, and when any coxcomical fly  
 Asks the reason, I readily make this reply :  
 " Catch time by the forelock ; no procrastinations ;  
 " Great issues depend upon brisk operations ;"  
 And altho' they all laugh, and turn off on the heel,  
 Yet I trust time will show I've the best of the deal.  
 But my Pegasus now a long journey has run ;  
 Dear Father, adieu ; your affectionate Son :—

T. F.

P. S. Dear Father, excuse the mistakes and the scratch-  
 ings,  
 And reflect they're my first in poetical hatchings.



*Letter from a Tutor at Oxford, to his Friend in the  
Country.*

You complain of my silence, and say I refuse  
 To send, as I promis'd, the O——l news;  
 Excuses are vain, and I fancy I must  
 Acknowledge your censure is perfectly just.  
 But in fact we have lately had much occupation,  
 Attempting at College a grand reformation—  
 Our excellent Dean, as you probably know,  
 Entirely left us some six months ago,  
 And is settled, while we are regretting him here,  
 As a benefic'd priest of a thousand a year.  
 His loss I lament, but perhaps for the men  
 'Tis as well that he should not be fix'd here again.  
 As soon as you've heard the propos'd reformation,  
 I think you'll agree in this last observation.—  
 To our vigilant Dean we agreed to devise  
 The sole jurisdiction of puddings and pies,  
 And he to the Cook his decision imparts,  
 That none who are Æger shall have any tarts.  
 To him 'tis moreover allotted to look,  
 Ev'ry Saturday night, at the Buttery Book;  
 And if any have fail'd their initials to sign,  
 He sends round the Butler to levy a fine.  
 As we all have the good of the college at heart,  
 The men are divided and each has a part;  
 The lecture we give to the general stock,  
 But each has besides a particular flock;  
 And then we are gratis to superintend,  
 And act as a sort of tutorial friend.  
 'Tis a singular sort of an office you'll say;—  
 No lectures delivered—no money to pay.—

But our project, wherever it's well understood,  
 Must needs seem productive of infinite good.  
 Undergraduates always, in any vexation  
 May fly to their Tutor for sweet consolation,  
 And on his faithful bosom securely repose  
 The pressure of all Academical woes.

I communicate now, as a secret, to you,  
 That we've other important improvements in view;  
 We are not without hope that the next generation  
 May be made to submit to severe flagellation.  
 I'm aware you will say misdemeanours and crimes  
 Were not punished thus in the earlier times,  
 And that those who at present are bachelors, then  
 Were wont to be treated like rational men.  
 I confess it is likely they will be amazed  
 To see a grown gentleman solemnly raised  
 On the back of a scout, in the presence of all,  
 To be whipped by the Dean or the Bursar in hall:  
 But such is our plan, and if this should succeed,  
 We prohibit all wine, and shall substitute mead:  
 With this we shall suffer the men to make free,  
 Or that equally innocent beverage, tea.  
 But wine is at Colleges often the cause  
 Of gross violations of statutes and laws.

Imagine the excellent Adam de Br——e,  
 Could rise from the peaceful repose of the tomb,  
 How shock'd would he be to discover his men  
 Were frequently drinking at half-after ten.  
 That sometimes a dozen are met to make merry,  
 With bottles of port wine and bottles of sherry,  
 Their noise having often been heard in the street,  
 Or the Quad. at the distance of several feet.

We have remedied lately such lawless potation,  
 By gentle expulsion and mild rustication;  
 For we anxiously wish to administer here  
 Our government rather by kindness than fear.  
 First the Fellows assembled, and afterwards all  
 The men were desired to meet in the hall,  
 To hear our illustrious President speak;  
 'Twas Demosthenes spouting his own Attic Greek.—  
 'Twas charming to see him the Fellows among,  
 The stream of his eloquence pouring along.  
 Some call'd it *extempore*, some said mayhap  
 There's a paper conceal'd by the board of his cap;  
 One argument urg'd I must briefly repeat,  
 It struck me at once as conclusive and neat.  
 If any, said he, for a moment has thought,  
 The Tutors have not acted quite as they ought,  
 Let him know that 'tis folly their conduct to blame,  
 For I, as the Dean, did precisely the same.

A visitor calls me abruptly away,  
 Adieu till we meet. I entreat you to pray,  
 As we fervently do, may that maxim live long,  
 The Don of a College can never do wrong.

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#### SOCIUS.

The Letter of DECIUS having been refused Publication in Oxford; "The Undergraduate" assures his Readers that it will shortly be printed in London.

A Prospectus of intended Publications by the members of *a great College* with appropriate mottoes, will appear in an early Number.

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\* \* \* Communications to be addressed, "To the Undergraduate," and put into the Letter Box, at Messrs. Munday and Slatter's, in the High Street.

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